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THE

Pattern of Piety:

OR,

Tryals of Patience.

BEING

The Moſt FAITHFUL

Spiritual Songs

Of the LIFE and DEATH of the once

Afflicted JOB.

In Five BOOKS.

SHEWING,

The abundant Riches of that Great and Good Man, in his Family, Goods and Cattle: The latter of which were deſtroy'd; all about him reduc'd; and he himſelf, ſmitten with Boils, in the moſt deplorable Condition: In all which Poverty, and Miſeries, as he never charg'd GOD fooliſhly; ſo it pleaſed the Divine Being, not only to reſtore him again to his Health, but to give him a double Portion of his former Plenty and Proſperity.

Qui ſeminant in Lacrymis, in Exultatione metent, PSAL. 126.

SCARBOROUGH:

Printed by THOMAS GENT, in the Year of our Bleſſed LORD, 1734.

uch as what I had before too much
ntain Streams too clear, the Mount too ſt
to drink of, or for me to gain :
ab to TRUTH; yet diff'rent Ways perp
ade me keep the middle Path, the Text.

too copious is the WHOLE to trace !
yet as much as this ſmall Book will
the beſt, and what ſuits ev'ry Caſ
luman Life, I do exhibit here :
Sighs Deſpair, and Griefs, ſo like our
rs, and Pray'rs, and Hope (above all !)

knows, there's none on Earth from Trouble
often moans within this Vale of Tears
it is true, none ſuffers ſuch Degree,
in this Book our Noble Hero bears :
hich, as in this World he did abide,
D was pleas'd, he ſhould be glorify'

ſuff'ring Chriſtians ! ſeek not here bel
juſt Rewards ; firſt hence you muſt a
Himſelf, you

he Pattern of Piety.

BOOK I. Job's *Afflictions.*

Idumea's Land, or *Uz* by Name,
luſtrious *Job* there liv'd in Wealth and Fame :
n Sons he had, of comely Mein and Air,
three ſweet Daughters, much like Angels, fair.
ven thouſand Sheep adorn'd his verdant Plain,
:e thouſand Camels did his Grounds contain ;
Hundred Aſſes (She) he had to breed,
twice five hundred Oxen there did feed.
rvants in Numbers were at his Command,
e in the Houſe ; others to till the Land :
Cheſts and Coffers ſtately to behold ;
e fill'd with Garments, other's Store of Gold.
'twas the Cuſtom of the bounteous Eaſt,
beauteous Sons and Daughters held a Feaſt :
n time, *Job* offer'd up to GOD his Pray'rs,
t Heav'n might bleſs 'em : Such his pious Cares.
ere was a Day, on which the Sons of Light,
e to preſent them to *JEHOVAH*'s Sight :
n preſum'd amongſt the Throng to break ;
God perceiv'd him, and to him did ſpake.

Whence

ſure, as I'm here, he'll brook not
But curſe thee, Lord, unto thy
Behold, ſaid God, all that he has
With that, do what thy Temper c
But to his Perſon ſtretch not forth
Then *Satan* vaniſh'd, as he had c

Upon a Day, *Jo*'s eldeſt Son
A Feaſt for his lov'd Kindred to
Mean while, to *Job*, a Servant ru
In Tears and Sorrow thus he does

Sad Tydings! As th' Oxen plov
And Aſſes feeding by them very
The *Sabeans* came, and took them
Then they had ſlain thy Servants

They arm'd with Swords, nothing
Thoſe ſavage Robbers; ſo like Vi
I only I, eſcap'd to let thee kn
That melts my Soul, to cauſe my M

Scarce had he ſpoke, ('tis very ſc
has one Affliction

A fourth appears. Says he, Thy Children fair,
As they were feaſting with their Brother dear,
The Houſe was blown down by an Hurricane,
And all, (but I, who brings the News) were ſlain.

Then *Job* aroſe, and ſtrait his Mantle rent,
Shaved his Head; and, as tho' God had lent,
Fell to the Ground, did Worſhip, yet did mourn,
Naked came I, and naked muſt return.

The Lord hath given, from the very Womb;
He takes away, and brings us to our Doom.
Thus gives, and takes, as beſt it ſeemeth fit;
His Will be done; to Him I do ſubmit.

BOOK II.

JOB *afflicted with painful Boyls.*

THE Sons of God did worſhip and adore
Upon a Day, as they had done before;
Satan then ventures to intrude agen,
Perceiv'd by God, tho' unperceiv'd by Men.

Well, ſaith the Lord, now, now you plainly ſee
That righteous *Job* keeps his Integrity:
Conſider'ſt thou, how he obeys my Laws?
Why is thy Malice thus, without a Cauſe?

Satan replies, What wou'd Men give for Life?
But Skin for Skin: Put forth thy Hand in Striſe:
Touch but his Bone and Fleſh, to paſt Diſgrace,
You then ſhall find he'll curſe thee to thy Face.

To do the [illegible]
That was, to ſcrape, who [illegible]
In Aſhes laid, and open all his Po

To add Affliction, thus his Wife
Husband, exclaim; cry out; curſe G
Shall thy Integrity keep thee in P
But *Job* replyed, Thou fooliſh Wo
Shall we receive Good at the Ha
And ſinful Sinners, never feel h
Thus did *Job* ſuffer, yet his Lips
He truſted ſtill that God would

Now ELIPHAZ, the noble Tela
Soon heard of his poor Kinſman
BILDAD, his valiant Friend, who
The Shuhites, knew the ſame, which

ZOPHAR the Naamathite, wh
In Nature's Womb, and deep
With ELIHU the Buzzite, each
With *Job*, and give him Comfo
They came: But when on him
[illegible] him not, yet much
[illegible]ics d

BOOK III. Job's *Lamentation.*

LEt that Day periſh, when that I was born ;
Alſo the Night, when ſaid, that I, forlorn,
Was then conceiv'd. Let horrid Darkneſs move,
Nor God regard that Day from Heav'n above.

Death's ſhady Stains and diſmal Clouds then dwell.
That Night be Darkneſs : Let no Number tell,
That it is join'd unto the paſſing Year ;
Nor Sun, or Moon, or Stars ſo bright appear :

Becauſe it ſhut not up my Mother's Womb,
But gave me Paſſage in this World to come.
Why dy'd not I ? Why did the Knees prevent ?
Or vainly ſuck'd, to feel Diſcontent ?

Oh ! had I periſh'd ; then, upon the Breaſt
Of balmy Death, I had enjoy'd ſweet Reſt,
With Kings and Counſellors, that Places build,
Or Princes Houſes, with rich Metals fill'd.

Or, like untimely Birth, I had not been ;
As Infants dear, which never Light had ſeen :
But where the Wicked ceaſe for to moleſt ;
And where the weary Souls enjoy ſweet Reſt.

The fetter'd Priſoners there find ſweet Repoſe,
Hear no Oppreſſor's Voice, and fear no Foes :
The Small and Great ſeem but as one Degree :
For here the Servants are from Maſters free.

Why

Yet Trouble came, and all theſe Thing

When *Job* had done, and thus his M
Said *Eliphaz*, Wilt thou, my Friend,
If to commune with thee we Freed
To hear you thus, who can forbear t

O thou Inſtructor, Strengthner of M
Why fainteſt thou, or confidently ſta
As tho' thy Ways were juſt? Whoe'e
Was innocent, and brought to ſad

Sure they who plow Iniquity, a
Vile wicked Acts, pray what from thenc
But that, in Juſtice, they ſhould reap t
God blaſteth them, and yet is not to b

The Roarings, Voice and Teeth of I
The Old Ones periſh, and the Whelps
In fearful Viſions of the ſleepy Nig
Methought appear'd, before my Eyes, a

And ſaid, "Shall Man be purer than
Who chargeth Angels? Shall

Tho' frightful Ru in circumjacent lies,
Peace ſhall attend thee, Foes thou ſhalt deſpiſe:
And to the Grave deſcend, like Shocks of Corn:
Thy Soul to Heav'n by bleſſ'd Angels borne.

To this *Job* ſaid, O were my Sorrows weigh'd,
And my Calamities in Balance laid,
They'd heavier prove than Sands upon the Shore:
God's Arrows wound me, drink my vital Gore.

And now I long from this vile World to part:
Come, gentle Death, for beſt of Friends thou art.
Return, Companions; too hard you conclude,
'Cauſe I'm afflicted, I was never good.

Is't not appointed, that all Men ſhould die?
My Fleſh is cloath'd with Worms, and broke am I.
Swifter than Weavers Shuttle are my Days:
As Clouds conſume, ſo Anguiſh me decays.

Lord, gracious Lord! Why do'ſt with me contend?
Shall my Complaints be bitter, without End?
Am I a Sea, or Whale, that I need Bounds?
My Couch, or Bed, can't eaſe my painful Wounds.

Thou terrify'ſt me with ſtrange Sighs and Dreams.
My Soul can't bear, nor Life endure Extreams.
I hate, I lothe it! Why do'ſt love poor Man?
Yet every Moment try'ſt his Life: A Span!

O thou Preſerver! Why ſet'ſt me before
Thee as a Mark, too ſinful to explore?
Rather, why do'ſt not pardon me my Crimes,
Who ſoon ſhall ſleep, yet riſe in After-Times?

Then anſwer'd *Bildad*, How long wilt thou ſpeak?
Pervert God's Juſtice? Doth he Judgment break?
Tho' he thy Children for their Sins has ſlain,
If yet thou'dſt pray, thy Prayers wou'd not be vain.

As bright *Aurora* might thy Age then ſhine:
Even Noon-Day ſhould unto thee decline:
Secure in Hope, thou ſafe ſhall dig about thee,
And reſt in Safety, tho' thy Foes might ſtout thee.

Nay, ſhould make Suit: But, ah! the Wicked fail,
Eſcape not Snares, becauſe their Sins prevail:
Endeav'ring not, like tort'ring Barks are loſt,
And all their Hope's like giving up the Ghoſt.

...ou mightily urge Time after Time.
ays *Eliphaz*, provok'd, Thou caſts off Fe
d, what God loves, keeps back, thy fervent
s thou the firſt Man born? Nor firſt ſhall
yet before the Hills and Mountains made
hat's Man that he ſhould think himſelf ſo c
Woman born, can God perceive no Stain
uts no Truſt ev'n in the very Saints,
Heav'n ſeems unclean, where his Mind's ag
re then more filthy ſinful Man appear
much more he who never Counſel he
neſs and Honor ſhall his Soul ſurrounc
Deſolation in his Tent be found.
! miſerable Comforters ye are,
Job, to me, who many ſuch Things he
I was rich, and did in Splendour ſhin
oice could ſound like yours, your Caſe as m
I it been ſo, I ſhould not add to Grief:
ıy Words had giv'n your Souls Relief:
w to ſpeak, or yet for to forbear,
I as one, I'm overcharg'd with Care.
'eary grown, that Friends ſeem deſolate:
icked ſmite me, thoſe

Yet, yet my Days are paſt: Death, ſeize my Heart.
Corruption, vile, thou ſure my Father art.
O Worm! my Mother; Siſter too you be:
Where's now my Hope? As for it, who ſhall ſee?

Then *Bildad* ſaid, When will you make an End?
Or why thus treat you ev'ry faithful Friend?
The Wicked's Light ſhall be extinguiſhed:
His Strength ſhall fail, and Terrors make him dread.

No Kindred ſhall remain to ſpread his Fame,
But his Remembrance periſh with his Name:
From Light to Darkneſs, chaſed from the World,
And to moſt doleſome diſmal Dwellings hurl'd.

Tho' I cry out, alas! I am not heard:
My Glory's gone! For me, none has Regard!
As Enemy to Heav'n, GOD's Troops ſurround me!
My Friends and Kinſmen fail, my Foes do wound me.

Thoſe, living with me, count me Stranger poor:
My Servant's ſilent, when I him implore:
Strange is my Breath to my once loving Wife;
Young Children ſlight me, wretched is my Life.

Pity me, Friends! See, ſee the Caſe I'm in!
Behold my Bone cleaves to my very Skin!
God's Hand has touch'd me: Like him, perſecute not,
Spare, ſpare Reproofs, and with you I'll diſpute not.

Oh! that my Words were written in a Book;
Or grav'd with Lead and Iron on a Rock:
With Iron Pen, that ſo the Letters never
Might be obſcure, but ſeen, and laſt for ever!

For ſure I know, that my Redeemer lives,
And that he ſhall (which to me Comfort gives)
Stand at the latter Day upon the Earth,
To judge all thoſe, that ever had a Birth.

And tho', after my Skin, Worms ſhall deſtroy
This Tabernacle; yet, in Fleſh, with Joy,
Shall I ſee God; mine Eyes thus pleaſing doom'd,
Altho' my Reins within me are conſum'd.

Zophar replies, Know'ſt thou not Truth ſublime?
The Wicked triumphs but a little Time;
Flies as a Dream; and, as a Viſion, glides;
He's curs'd, becauſe that Heav'n him not abides.

nbrel, Harp and Organ
nd the Day; tho' ſometimes, in their Pr
akes their Lives within a Moment's Ti
hence I know their Judgment's manife
appy and Unhappy are at Reſt:
s, alike they in the Duſt lie down,
Worms ſhall cover them, when they are g
Wicked is reſerv'd to future Time,
Wrath ſhall be inflicted for each Crim
Eliphas reply'd, Can Man, ſo poor,
t his God, and not himſelf much more
re thy good Deeds a Pleaſure to his Sight
were they ſo, when didſt thou him deligh
m thy dear Brother thou a Pledge has to
nought, and kept the Water of the Brook
rom weary'd Trav'ller; yet more may be
ou haſt deprive'd the Hungry from their B
pt the poor Naked, rent the Widows em
d let the Orphans raiſe not of thy Pleni
fore both Snares and Fears do now a
thy Sight conſt

Yet as my Foot within his Paths was held,
I've not declin'd ; but rather been impell'd.
What he deſires, he does : What is decreed
For me, performs : So wondrous is each Deed,

Each Word, that it is Food, and ſweet Delight,
And yet I dread appearing in his Sight !
My Heart is ſoften'd, when on him I think,
Who ſaves me yet, tho' on Deſtruction's Brink.

Some remove Land-Marks, take away the Flocks,
The Orphan's Aſs for Pledge, and Widow's Ox :
They force the pitcous Naked to moiſt Caves,
Murder the Innocent, or make them Slaves.

Exalted thus, a while they do remain ;
But Heav'n doth ſee, and bring them down again ;
Made impotent, as tho' at firſt, when born,
They are cut off, like Tops of Ears of Corn.

Says *Bildad*, Fear and Might are with the Lord :
Unnumber'd are his Armies, whilſt his Word
Speaks Peace to lofty Places, and his Light
Extends to all : Yet nothing in his Sight

Is juſtify'd : Not even *Cynthia*, fair,
Or Stars are pure, tho' ſpangling in the Air.
Thus each repeated Argument requir'd
Job's Anſwer, which in Grief was more inſpir'd.

As God doth live, who long my Soul hath vex'd,
My Lips ſhall ſpeak no Ill, tho' ſore perplex'd ;
Nor, 'till my lateſt Moment, when I die,
Will I remove my firm Integrity.

For, let the Wicked ſtill againſt me rage ;
The Sword, at length, their Anger ſhall aſſwage :
They multiply, tho' not content with Bread :
Dying, their Widows weep not when they're dead.

But oh ! that joyful Day I could recall :
When Heav'n's Munificence, like to a Wall,
Adorn'd with Tow'rs, did me quite ſurround ;
My Temples with a ſhining Luſtre crown'd !

When God was preſent ſtill to give me Aid,
And pratling round me my dear Infants play'd ;
Whilſt mighty Hoards of Corn the grateful Soil
Return'd, repaying well the Peaſant's Toil.

BODLEIAN

nt Tongues ...
'ry Ear, that heard me, bleſs'd the Soul
yful Eyes, that witneſs'd for me round
; then I eas'd the needy Poor that cry'd,
Bleſſings came upon me ev'ry Side :
dow's Hearts, to ſing, I cauſed them
nſneſs crown'd me, as a Diadem.
to the Blind ; Feet to the Lame was
or, a Father : I ſearch'd Iniquity ;
ake the Wicked's Joys, his Teeth pull'd
n good Deeds I ſpent my Time about.
as a King before his Army ſways,
d me Duty, and all ſpoke my Praiſe :
ro' Viciſſitudes, I'm the Reverſe,
ern the Scorn of the wide Univerſ

Sometimes they fly; or near, then in Diſgrace,
They ſpit their nafty Spittle in my Face:
Deride with Songs, their Children puſh my Feet;
And thus Afflictions ever do I meet.

My Bones are pierc'd; my Sinews take no Reſt:
As Duſt, and Aſhes, I'm by all confeſt.
Lord, I have cry'd; but me thou never heard'ſt now;
And if I ſtand, alas! thou me regard'ſt not.

Cruel Oppoſer! cauſing me to ride
Ev'n on the Wind, diſſolv'ſt me every Side!
I know thou'lt bring me at the laſt to Death;
Tho', when I pleaſe you'll never take my Breath.

My ſympathizing Soul would oft unite
With poor Afflicted Brethren in my Sight.
I, who did weep as well as help the Poor,
Am thus rewarded, now at Sorrow's Door!

My Harp is turn'd to Mourning; Organ, Tears;
'Stead of the Sun, a gloomy Cloud appears.
If ever I in Vanity have walk'd,
Or, in Deceit, my Feet more vainly ſtalk'd:

Me, weigh'd in Balance, let th' Almighty try,
And ſee my faithful true Integrity.
Or, if my Steps, or Heart, have turned wrong,
Then let my Offspring ne'er continue long.

Or any Blot has made me incompleat,
Then let me ſow, and let another eat;
If e'er the Bridal Bed I have defil'd,
The ſame I ſhould deſerve, or worſe beguil'd.

If I my Servant's Cauſe did ne'er defend,
When they, with Juſtice, might with me contend;
Then may God ſlight me when my Tongue bewray's
The trueſt Anſwers to his pow'rful Ways.

The Poor in Heav'n, have him for Advocate:
God made them in the Womb, as well as Great.
If I've withheld from them what they deſir'd,
Or, fail'd the Widows Eyes when they required:

Or, eat my Morſel by my ſelf alone,
Denying Orphans, pitying not their Moan;
Seen the Poor periſh, for the Want of Cloaths;
Nor warm'd them with the Fleece, but, like to Foes,

If I rejoiced at the Fall of thoſe,
Who've been deceitful Friends, or w
If Strangers found not Hoſpitality
And weary Trav'llers welcome no

If I my Sins have cover'd in m
Or, like old *Adam*, glory'd uncon
Let God for all theſe Things now
As beſt agreeth to his Majeſty.

Would he but pleaſe my righteous
And my Contention with my Foes
Upon my Shoulders, I ſhould take
To anſwer juſtly every Thing the

Like as a Prince, I'd ask them e
Demand their Witneſs? Every Proof
Of all my Steps, not doubting bu
And make my Reputation bright

For if the Land has e'er of me
Or Furrows yet unpaid, which I've
Eaten the Fruits, or took the Owr
Vile Act! to plunge their Families

Let pricking Thiſtles grow, inſtead
Cockle, inſtead of Barley, be my

Amaz'd they were, and ſilent did become;
So *Elihu* did his Diſcourſe reſume.
Now, hear me, *Job*. My Words, which I impart,
Shall righteous prove, and wound thee to the Heart.

Stand up, and reaſon with me, if you can:
Tho' in GOD's Room, alas! I'm but a Man:
Let not his Terrors make thy Soul afraid;
His heavy Hand, ſhall not on thee be laid.

Surely, ſays he, *You've ſpoken in mine Ears*,
Saying, *I'm clean, no Sin in me appears*;
And yet he finds Occaſion againſt me;
My Feet impriſons as an Enemy.

In this, O *Job*, behold thou art not juſt;
Why ſtriveſt thou, that art but ſinful Duſt?
Sure he is greater far than *wretch'd Man*;
Speaks once or twice 'fore *he* perceive it can.

Lo in a Dream, or Viſion of the Night,
When Sleep obſcures, and ſhades n from the Light;
Or elſe in Slumbers opens he our Ears,
And ſeals Inſtruction, which the Righteous hears.

He brings him low, ev'n to the Gates of Death;
Again reſtores him, and reſumes his Breath:
But is not bound to give Men Reaſons, why
He lets them live, or cauſes them to die.

By various Ways, or by Afflictions great,
Or Miniſtry, while his bleſt Angels wait:
He to Repentance doth the World incite,
To bring their Souls to everlaſting Light.

... ...ands some sint
He lays on Man no more than w
In Love he'd have you 'gainst vil
And when he's for you, none can

Our Good alas! or Evil, can't
Or make him to us either Foe, (
But as his Pleasure truly is divi
He both regards, to make the bet

Observe me *Job*; his secret Ju
Far, far, beyond the Reach of h
Look to the Clouds, perceive the fi
Which quickly comes, and soon i

One while it blesses, then doth ov
And drown the Products of the Ear
He visits Kings, establish'd in thei
And, by just Discipline, he brings th

If they obey him, GOD doth cro
If not, their Splendour, with their L
Beware his Wrath, who, if you Hi
Can take your Health, or Life, but w

No Wealth, or Gl...

Thus Rain or Hail, He ſends for Reaſons good;
Seals up Mens Hands; whoſe Work is underſtood:
The Beaſts retire unto their Dens and Caves:
The Whirlwind, coming from the South, out-braves.
Cold from the North: From Breath of GOD Froſt's given:
Waters reſtrain'd by Wall 'twixt them and Heav'n:
The thick Cloud wearies, and the bright One ſcatters,
And for Correction, or for Mercy, waters.

Stupendous Counſels! ever turning round,
Muſt ſure the Wiſdom of poor Man confound:
The beauteous Rainbow, very frequent ſeen,
And Nature, ſmiling, with a verdant Green.

How Clouds are bianc'd: Why thy Garments warm,
When with the South Wind He the Earth do's charm.
Haſt thou with Him ſpread forth the limpid Sky,
As in a Glaſs, apparent to the Eye?

Oh! who can ſearch the wond'rous Works of God?
Or find Him out, in His Moſt High Abode!
Whoſe Power, Juſtice, Judgment excellent
Afflict not one, but yield to all Content.

Men love and fear Him: Thoſe he doth deſpiſe,
That righteous ſeem in their moſt ſinful Eyes:
Therefore, O *Job!* 'tis Time now to give o'er;
Let Tears and Pray'rs prevail, diſpute no more.

BOOK V.

THus ſpoke the Youth, when ſoon a Whirlwind roſe,
The LORD did anſwer, and himſelf diſcloſe.

What Man is this, who, with blind Reaſon dark'n,
Vie with his GOD, *as tho' in Wiſdom ſtrong?*

Come tell me, now, how this moſt beauteous Frame
Of all Things from the Womb of Nothing came?
When Earth's Foundation was with Wonder laid,
And faſten'd; where was you, when all were made?

Who gave forth Meaſures, ſtretch'd the utmoſt Line,
And fix'd the Corner Stone by Power divine?
When all the Morning Stars did ſweetly ſing,
And Sons of GOD made Hallelujahs ring.

Who ſhut the Sea in Bounds, or within Doors?
Limits the Tide by ſteep or pleaſant Shores?
Gave it a fix'd Degree, ſo far to come?
So far, no farther, dare its Waves preſume.

Can'ſt thou command *Aurora* to ariſe?
And gild, with Crimſon Beams, the bluſhing Skies?
Or yet demand the Sun for to relate
The Crimes committed by the Poor, or Great?

Proclaim thy Power, or withdraw its Beams,
From thoſe, who run into the worſt Extreams?
Or haſt thou entred in the Ocean's Springs?
Or Depth of Sea, where's Riches fit for Kings?

The Breadth of Earth declare: Where dwelleth Light,
Or Darkneſs? Can you tell the Paths of Night?
Or ſeen the Treaſures of the milk-white Snow,
Or heavier Hail that viſits us below,

For Battle kept? How parted is the Light,
Scattering the Eaſtern Winds? Or diſunite
The Grounds for Waters diff'rently to flow?
Or yet a Way for Lightning quick to go?

Where no Man is to cauſe it there to rain?
To make the parched Ground not thirſt in vain?
To help the tender Herb forthwith to ſpring?
The Rains and Dew to yield their Offering?

When came the Froſt, or Ice, that every Brook,
Seems in a Glaſs, or does thro' Diamond look?
Can'ſt bind the Influences o'th' * *Pleiades*,
Or looſen † *Orien*'s Bands for Winter's Eaſe?

* PLEIADES, *the 7 Stars, ariſing when the Sun is in* Taurus: *That is, in the Flowery Spring.*

† ORION, *a Celeſtial Sign, (conſiſting of 33 Stars, or as other write 16) that introduceth Winter.*

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Canſt thou bring ‡ *Mazzaroth* in Seaſon far?
Or guide ✱ *Arcturus*, make his Sons appear?
Do'ſt thou the Ordinances of Heaven know?
Or ſet Dominion in the Earth below?

Canſt lift thy Voice up to the very Clouds?
That Waters ſhould deſcend by their Abodes?
Or Lightnings ſend to tell how they impart?
Or ſay, who Wiſdom ſends into the Heart?

Who number can the Clouds? Or, Floods yet ſtay?
How Clods do cleave? Or hunt for Lion's Prey?
And when ſo done, bring to their Whelps and feed?
Or help young Ravens in their Time of Need?

Or eaſe the tim'rous Hind in Travel great,
And from her Pain reſume her former State:
The Months canſt number? Tell when forth to bring
How young ones grow, and how like Corn they ſpring!

Can'ſt loſe the Aſs, or bind the Unicorn?
Who both the Horſe, alſo his Rider, ſcorn?
Or give the latter Strenth? And, what's a Wonder,
Affordhim Strength, or cloath his Neck with Thunder?

Can'ſt him affright, with vain and idle Fear,
And make him ſportive, like a Graſhopper?
No: The Horſe tears with active Feet the Ground,
And ſtoutly prances at the Warlike Sound.

Mocks at all Fear, and in the Vally paws;
Laughs at the Trumpets; ſwallows with his Jaws
The yielding Ground; and, without dreadful Fears,
Meets Death or Conqueſt 'midſt the glitt'ring Spears.

Or doth the Hawk, by Wiſdom of thy Mouth,
Stretch forth her tow'ring Wings towards the South?
Or yet the Eagle upward ſoar to build
At thy Command, and there her young ones yield:

Whilſt from the Rock or Crag ſhe ſpys her Prey,
Which, ſeized ſoon, ſhe quickly bears away;
With bloody Dainties feeds her youthful Gueſts,
Each quickly on the welcome Victuals feaſts.

How long, O Man wilt thou thy God reprove!
Inſtructs thou me, who pities thee in Love?
Lord, I am vile, ſaid Job, *Pity, therefore*;
Once, twice, I've ſpoken; but I'll ſay no more.

‡ MAZZAROTH, *the Twelve Signs.*
✱ ARCTURUS, *the North Star, with Attendants*

See - *Behemoth*, who eats Grass like an
And peaceful dwells amongſt the tender

None of them fears him, none that he d
Moves like a lofty ſtately Cædar fair :
Strong are his Joints, with Ribs like Ir
His Bones like Braſs, firm, fitting for the

His Strength is in his Loyns ; and h
Doth like a great and lofty Tree preva
GOD's Handy Work ; and he, that made
By his ſharp Sword fall quickly down

Thro' Snares he pierces, thro' the Wil
And drinks the Waters of the purling E
The Mountains feed him ; and fair *Jord*
To ſwallow up, truſts he can do the ſar

But ſee another Object of my Powe
And if thou canſt ſubject, and make hi
The Great Leviathan amidſt the Deep,
Of Fiſhes King, who Sov'reignty doth

Canſt thou, with Angle, draw him to
Or, with a Cord, thou letteſt down, exp

Who has oblig'd me, that I ſhould repay?
The Earth is mine; o'er it I bear a ſway.
I'll not conceal his Parts, Proportion, Power.
His Garments who can ſee? What Foe devour?

With double Bridle who durſt to him come?
Open his Mouth, which ſeems an horrid Tomb!
His Teeth ſet round, as Iron Spikes, about;
And his proud Scales, like Seals, together ſhut:

So cloſe they are, no Air can interpoſe:
His Neſings cauſe a Light; his Eyes, like thoſe,
Ev'n of the Morning: From his Mouth aſpire
Strange burning Lamps, and Sparks of dreadful Fire.

Out of his Noſtrils thickeſt Smoke proceeds
Like that from Caldron; his ſtrong Breath it breeds
A Flame, which from his gaping Mouth pours out,
Stiff is his Neck, with Joy he ſprings about.

Flakes of his Fleſh are joined as 'twere in one,
They can't be mov'd; his Heart as firm as Stone
Raiſes himſelf, the Mighty are afraid:
He values not the Sword that's on him laid.

The Spear, nor Dart; nor Harbergeon prevails;
Iron, ſeems Straw; as rotten Wood, Braſs fails:
Arrows and Stones, do ſeem to him a Bubble:
The Spear he laughs at, Weapons counts as Stubble.

The Sea, as boiling Caldron makes to foam,
Or Ointment Pot; in ſhining Paths, doth roam:
The Deep ſeems hoary: Like him's none beſide,
Beholding high Things; yet King over Pride.

Then *JOB*, ſubmiſſive, anſwer'd, Mighty Lord,
Thou can'ſt, I know, do all Things at thy Word:
No Thought ſo ſecret, but you may diſcloſe;
No Action paſſes, but th' Almighty knows.

I've often heard of Thee, by Hearing's Senſe;
But now my Eyes ſee plain thy Providence.
Wherefore, abhorring of my ſelf, repent,
I ever thought, that I was innocent.

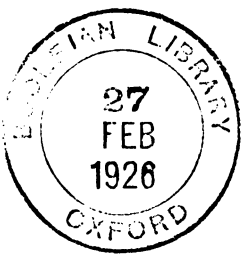
The Lord, appear'd with *JOB*, began to ſpeak
To *Eliphaz*, that he ſhould Off'ring make.
Saith he, My Wrath is kindled much at thee,
And thy two Friends, who ſpoke to *Job* of me.

Therefore, now, take ſeven Bullocks, and ſeven Rams,
And offer them in ſacred hallow'd Flames:
JOB's Prayers, for you, in Mercy, will I take,
And ceaſe to puniſh for my Servant's Sake.

Then the Almighty touch'd the
Both Friends and Kindred, wherh
They came, and with him in his
Bemoan'd paſt Evils, and him co

Beſides, to raiſe him, 'tis by S
That each gave him an Ear-Ring
Beſides a Piece of Money; and h
And Beauty, came upon him a t

So that the End of this good M
More than at firſt, his Riches w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